



WHITEHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL QUALITY GLAMOUR MAGAZINE

FOR SALE TO ADULTS ONLY

No. 33



**SEEDY SEX
IN DOVER**

**"BIG" JOHN in
BIRMINGHAM**

**SEDUCTION on the
SOFA**

MINISKIRT SPECIAL

**plus
READER'S LETTERS
from: COVENTRY,
CANTERBURY,
BIRMINGHAM,
WORCESTER,
STEVENAGE.**





'Big' John English

SUPERSTUD OF EUROPORN

BIG JOHN ENGLISH starts his National tour in Whitehouse by a visit to Birmingham.



Know this about "Big" John English...

Its six inches when down.

Twelve-and-a-half when erect.

Its even possible for a clever chick to get an extra inch - or two.

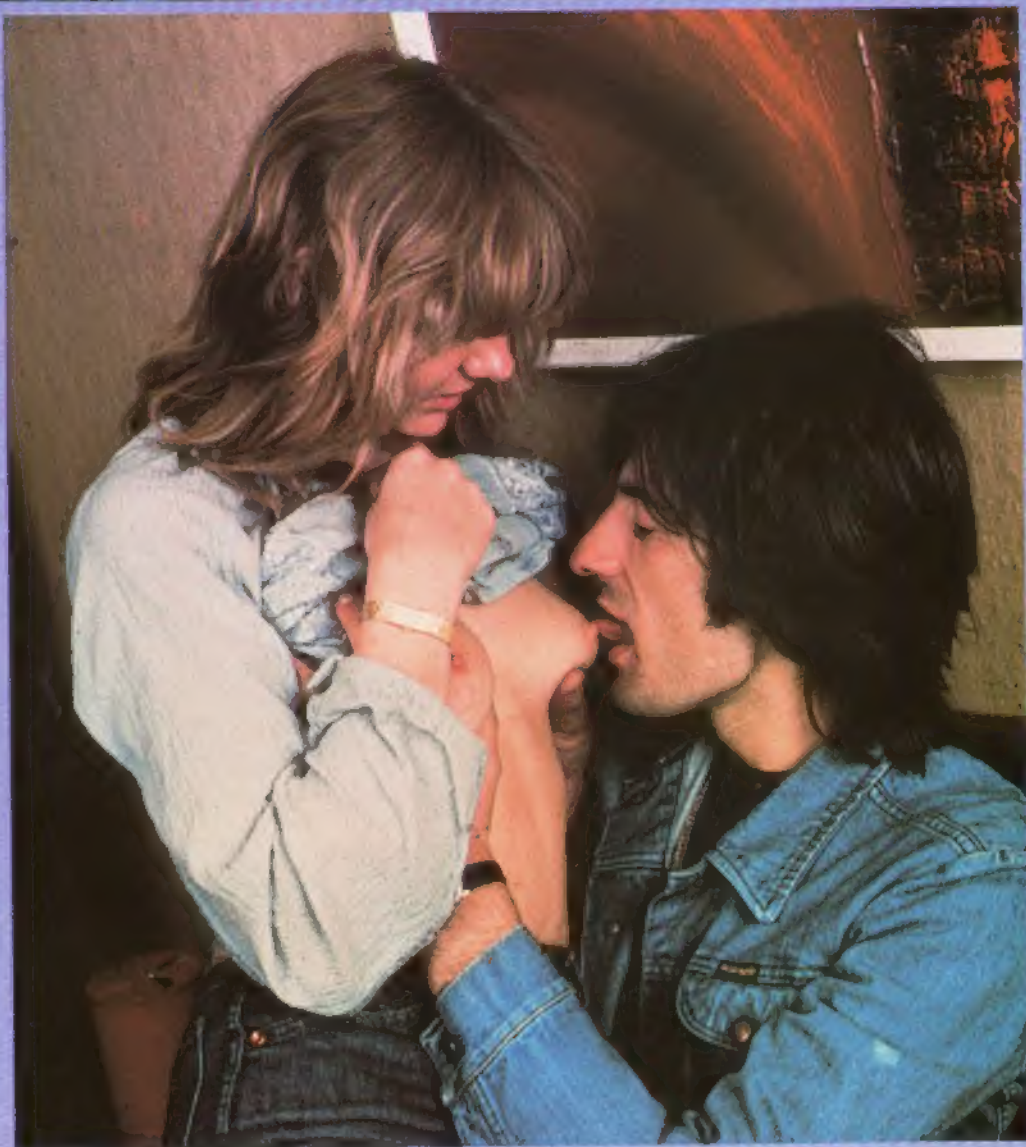
John is 32 years of age.

He makes a good living from blue film making. He started when he was eighteen!

PART ONE

"BRUM-BRUM - as well as "VROOM-VROOM!"

They say Birmingham is renowned for its beautiful girls. I've heard the same about Nottingham. And Manchester. And Liverpool. Geographically and lovably, there's really no earthly reason why any town or city in Great Britain should sport girls who look any different from any other girls in any other towns or cities. It's just a local boast of the inhabitants, that's all. Birmingham, like most provincial cities, is just little bits of London heaped together like painted replicas of dear old Smoke and





looking nothing like the real thing. People who live in the Provinces will never, can never, look like born-and-bread Londoners, behave like them and most certainly never live in surroundings that look like real London. But, I suppose Londoners like myself (and you and you) must be flattered at the way the Provincials try to look like us and to live like us in surroundings that look Londonish! And that leads me back to the question of people in Brum saying their chicks and dollies are more beautiful than they are elsewhere in England. My immediate reaction to that is - piss-off! Not to be rude, mind you. But you must know that as Mary Millington will tell you (if you ask her) that I am a g-e-n-u-i-n-e connoisseur of beautiful chicks bar none. She knows I know she knows I think she is the tops and the bottom as well, as far as girls go and that I am very particular as to what girls I happen to thread onto my needle!

Having a relaxed cock of six inches and a stiff one of twelve-and-a-half inches, is something to want to show off, man, but only to the very best dolls. That's why I am on a brief tour of a few cities in England to get a look at and to have sex with some of the prettiest gals I can limber-up to. I am into blue films up to here, and have had sexy experiences with girls on set and off after the lights have been killed, the set struck and we have all gone home. But, what turns me on more than anything is





having sex with a girl I meet by chance at a disco, in a pub, on the sidewalk, in a park and so-on. Spontaneous spunk is by far the best, not the premeditated and the planned adventure with the bed all laid on, so to speak. I like my sex in my car, for one thing. Though I do get mixed up with the steering wheel when it comes to me being wanked in the driving seat and the windscreen does suffer!

My first adventure in Birmingham took place in my hotel bedroom. Generally, I am rather against taking girls home to hotel bedrooms in case the management disapproves or I have to tip the staff too heavy! But, in this instance, I alighted on a small hotel in the centre of Brum and the hall porter and the girl at the Reception desk said ok, son, if you want to bring a girl home tonight its on the house! Very obliging! So, decked-out in my best denims (I've been into denims a long time now, girls find them very sexy and very masculine), I left the hotel after a good four-course dinner and drifted to what I had been told was the best disco in Town, kitted-out with impulse-lighting, crazy sounds, the lot!

The place was pretty full of pretty chicks when I went in about nine. I will say the local girls looked tops, what with cleavage, no bras, open shirts, halter-necks and tight sweaters. I hadn't been in the joint very long and hadn't danced with more than three girls, watching their tits joggled up and down inside the tops of their clothes and seen their vee'd cunts outlined inside their jeans and tight trousers, before my slack six inches was a healthy, developing eight to nine with a steady rise. Really, that's one disadvantage of having the biggest dong in Great Britain. While an ordinary guy can have a stiff-on and it will hardly notice under his gear, once I start to get an erection all the world can see. Plus the fact it won't go down easy until something is done about it, and I find it something of an embarrassment at times.

But not this time!

Because a pretty little blond-haired number noticed this irregular contour inside my jeans, you see, and asked me, while at the Bar, what it was.



"You don't know a rising prick when you see one, darling?" I enquired.

"What you doin' with a rising prick in a disco then?" she said, in that delightful, sexy Brum whine.

"I'm looking at you, for one thing" I said gallantly (and craftily).

"Do I turn you on, then?" she asked.

"What are you drinking?" I said, knowing we were getting near the punch line.

"Mine's barcardi and coke" she replied.

With a double halfway down her, I got back to the subject of cock. "You see" I explained to her, "I got about the biggest prick in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales" I said. "I got official statistics to prove it."

"Go on!" she grinned up

at me, still at the Bar.

"Yes" I said, "And once I start to rise I go on and on and up and up until, guess what?"

"What?" she said, open-mouthed.

"I get to my height" I went on. "I get up to twelve-and-a-half inches."

"But that's longer than the ruler I used to use at school" she said.

"How's about me proving it then?" I asked.

"Here? In here?"

"No, at my place" I said very, very smooth. "I'm down from London on business" I went on, "and I gotta room in a small hotel"

"Will they mind?" she said.

"Fuck off!" I said pleasantly. "I know my way around, sister" I added gran-

dly. Got to get the chicks confident in you, you see. Its the only way.

Well, to cut a long story short and to make a short prick long, I drove her back to my gaff and pretty soon we were in my small hotel bedroom with drinks ordered from the hotel Bar, and a few sandwiches for when we got hungry. Now, maybe I boast a lot in the stories I write about my adventures pulling the dolls and them pulling my prick. But fair's fair, after all. If and when I fail I always say so, see? And, in this instance, in this case, in this room in this hotel, I fucking well f-a-i-l-e-d- with a capital F! I really do not know why. The chick was young, twenty-two. Very pretty in a Birminghamish sort of way, with long straight hair and pretty

tits and a super body and she was dead keen to see me go up to my full twelve-and-a-half.

I hand it to her, she flopped me up and down over my white briefs. I hand it to her, she tried to wank me off with her bare hand. I hand it to her she gobbled me or tried to but I kept slipping out. I also hand it to her she gave me a cock's eye-view of her minge, twat, cunt, and her pretty little asshole as well and let me have a long look-see, plus as much poking of her as my forefingers could take without developing permanent cramp. She also let me strum away at her clit like I was playing a geetaar, but, what happened?? No horn. Well, a semblance of one. I mean, I wasn't entirely limp. About seven inches were semi-stiff

Seduction on a Sofa

(they never did make it to the bedroom!)



Well, here's to...them. sorry - I mean us!

I don't know what you've just given me to drink,
but it's making me feel as randy as hell!

Randy as hell, eh? Then you'd better have
another one!



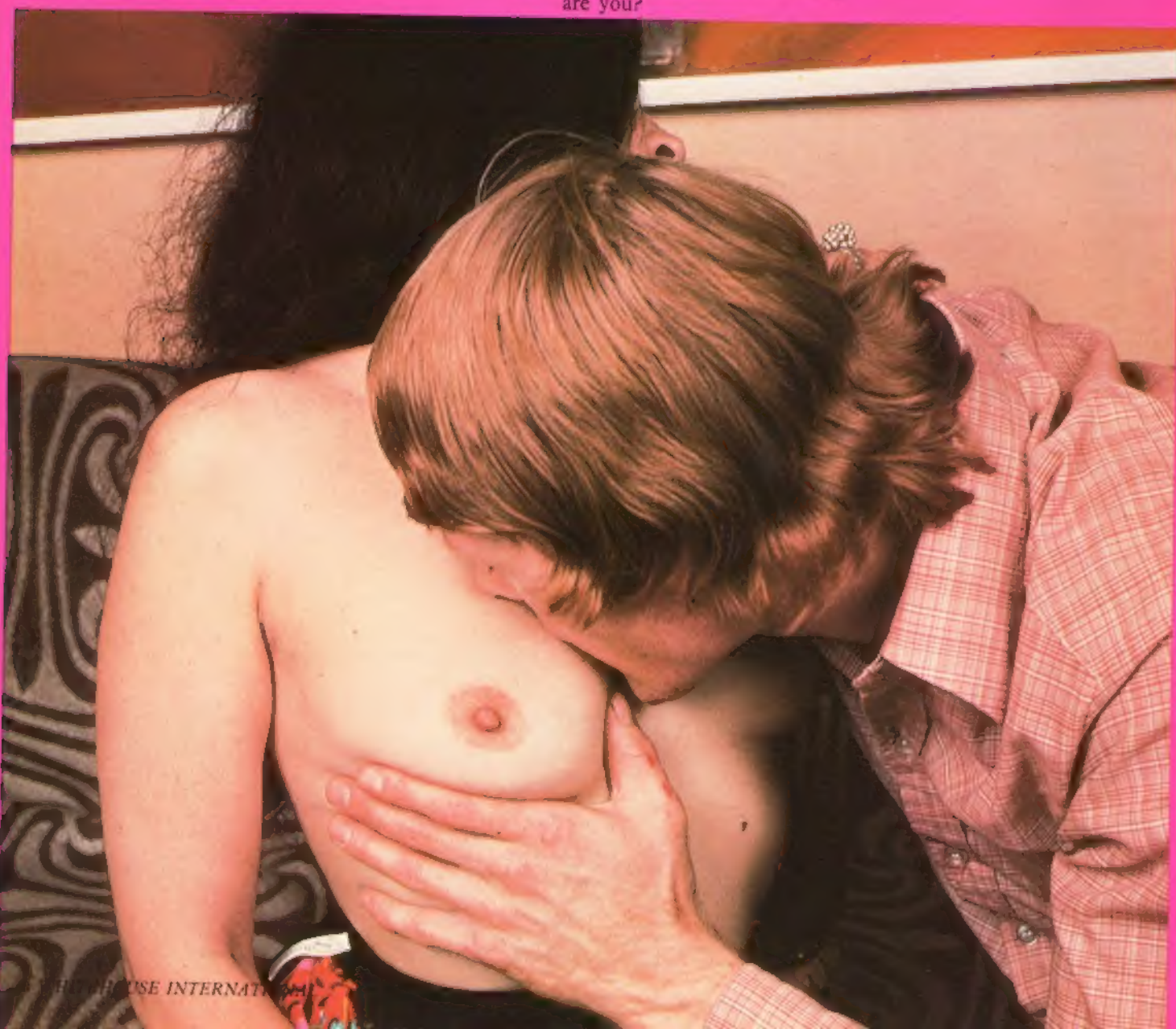


You can undo my dress if you like...



You're getting me really turned-on... Lick my nipples, please lick my nipples, that always gets me going! Mmmm, that's nice...

I hope you're as good with my cunt as you are with my tits. I mean, you're not a raving breast fetishist, are you?





Come on, leave my tits alone for a bit, stroke my fanny and get me all hot and bothered!

Oh I'm so wet down there! Put your fingers inside me and wriggle them about. Go on - be crude with





Continued on page 57.

Seduction on a Sofa

Continued from page 51.

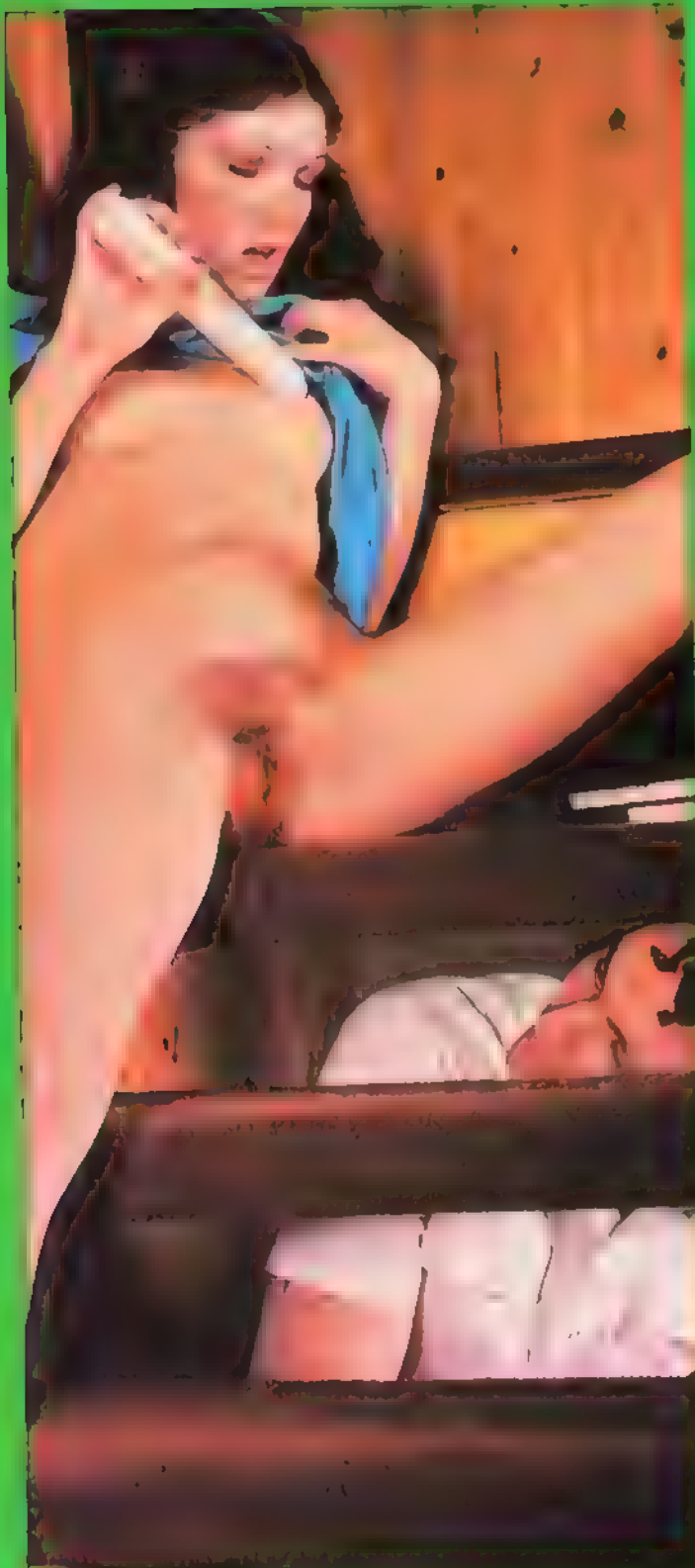


BRIAN & ERICA

IN

Under the Staires

(’scuse the pun...!)



The decentful little cow! Every time I try and get my hand up her skirt she tells me she’s a virgin. And that vibrator must be all of a foot long!



There I was, sitting under the stairs meditating¹, when this peculiar buzzing sound begins to infiltrate my karma (karma (Ind.): spiritual peace). What can it be? I ask myself. A swarm of bees? A wayward moped? GOOD GOD - ERICA’S SHAVING HER ARM-PITS ON THE STAIRCASE! Or is she?

“Did you know I was sitting under the stairs?”
“Of course I did, I thought I’d give you a thrill!”
“Well...whether you knew or not, you certainly gave me a thrill...”







Go on, suck it! But don't expect me to come, I'm saving it to shoot into your pussy.

You really are wet, aren't you? And when I've finished sucking and licking and fingering you, you'll be wetter still .



A woman with dark hair is lying on a sofa, looking towards the camera. Her hands are placed on her chest. She is wearing a black lace-trimmed garment. The background includes a potted plant and a bottle on a table.

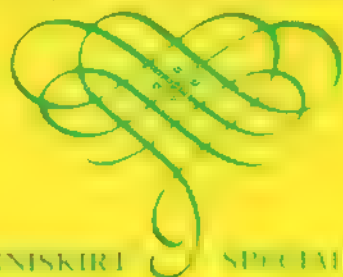
Seduction Sofa



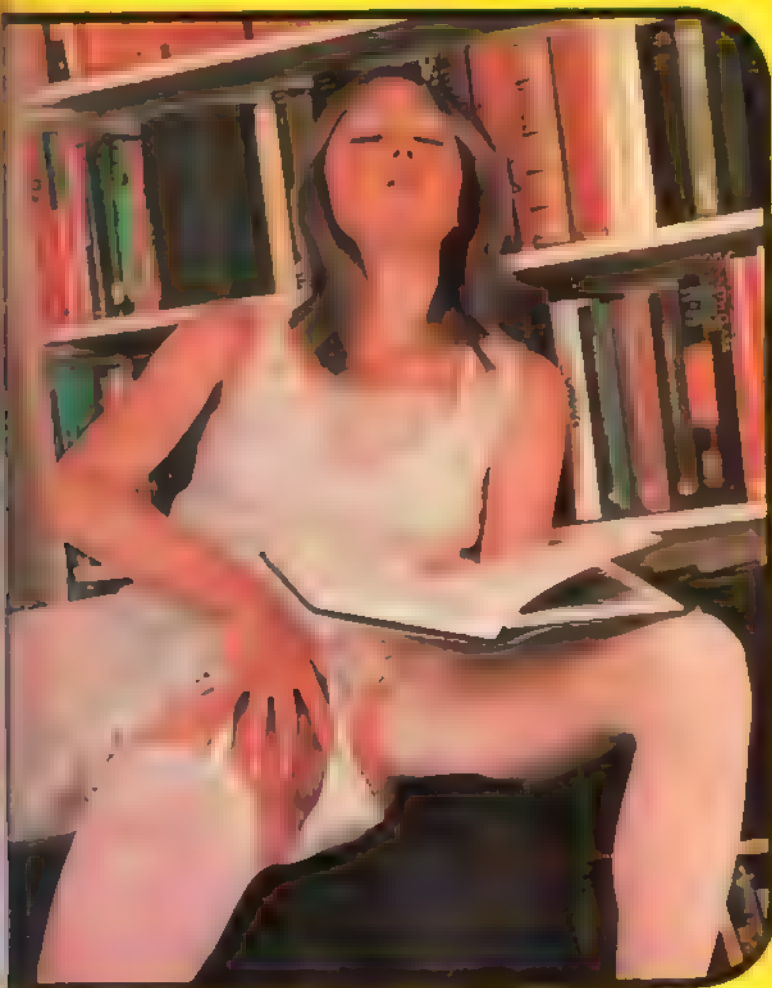


A SPECIAL
Whitehouse
Challenge
FEATURE

Seven years and more have passed since the demise of the mini-skirt, the most revered and regaled female garment since the suspender belt. Such was the popularity of this non-skirt (amongst men, at least) that it has become something of an object of cult worship, stirring memories of an almost sentimentally erotic nature. "What a shame that the mini-skirt is now a thing of the pass" writes avid Whitehouse reader B.H.H. of Kingston, Surrey. "I'll never forget an experience I had in my local library..." and he continues to describe how he once saw his favourite **librarian** - miniskirted - climbing to the top shelf. "Could we recreate this glorious moment?" he asks. Of course, B.H.H. In fact, we could go a little further:



MINISKIRT SPECIAL



Wouldn't our miniskirt
worshipping reader have
flipped his lid if he'd seen
THIS
at his local library!



The reference room, Sir?
The third door on the right...





Whitehouse Challenge



If all librarians looked like Tracy here (our Whitehouse model), the National literacy level would improve overnight!



I'm sure your librarian would be horrified if she knew this was how you thought of her, B.H.H.!



Whitehouse Challenge



A hot Summer's day and Tracy's in the park. Reader P.D. from Reading writes in: "I often walk in my local park and imagine all the tasty birds I see are getting up to all sorts of kinky things. Could you send a girl and a photographer round to B..... Park and take some rude pictures? That would really turn me on! So, if you'd like to see P.D's. challenge put into practice, don't miss next month's red-hot miniskirt special!



Hey, this is getting really
kinky. It's much more exciting
than doing it on the bed, isn't it!
Ooooh, I'm so wet!



I'd really like to give my vibrator another try.
You? You can bloody well wait, you oversexed little
meditator!

Under the Stares

Continued from page 20.







No, not on my cock yet.
Let me lick you out - I've
always wanted to do that
to you..

That looks marvellous!
Lower yourself a bit - then
I can get my tongue right in







Meet
Nicole
 one of Europe's
 top models

It's not very often that we are privileged to feature a model as lovely as Nicole. She is one of Europe's top fashion models, this is just a small part of her first ever nude set. she posed exclusively for the new magazine COVER GIRLS. And Nicole really is a top cover girl, having been on the covers of most of Europe's leading fashion magazines. If you'd like to see more of her, or the other lovelies who all look like film stars or beauty queens, then the only way is to buy a copy of the new COVER GIRLS. This superb magazine will become available from your local newsagent any day now, so order a copy. But it's available now via mail order. The cover price is £1 (mail order £1.25). Send your orders to: Cover Girls, 34 Upton Lane, London E.7. (Subscriptions £12).

We, as a magazine, would like to say that Cover Girls (in our opinion) is the finest magazine we have ever seen (and we are NOT the publishers, so we are not plugging ourselves, but once in a while something very special comes along, and we are always willing to praise our competitors where praise is due). Cover Girls features only the best girls, all in superb colour, and all superbly photographed. Additionally, the printing and paper is the finest money can buy. All these factors combine to make the new 100 page COVER GIRLS the best magazine in Britain, a bit of pure luxury for just £1.







80p

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